

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XVII.—No. 18.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

May 11, 1902.



OUTWARD BOUND—CHESAPEAKE BAY.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,

So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust

Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

*Printer's ink is the great apostle of progress,
whose pulpit is the press.* HORACE GREELEY.

WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

WHAT does the south wind say
On a holiday?

It says: "Come out with me;
I'll chase you round the tree,
And toss your pretty curl.
Come out, my little girl!"

List what the west wind says
On the holiday.

It says: "My little man,
Just catch me if you can.
I'll hide behind the tree,
As still as still can be!"

Can't you hear the north wind say

On a holiday,
"See the tall oak, as I come,
Toss its arms in jolly fun;
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,
Scat'ring off right merrily?"

Often doth an east wind say,
On a holiday:

"Stay indoors, my child, and play,
For I send the rain to-day;
Storm or sunshine, all is well.
Everything God's love doth tell."

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SUMMER DAY IN LEXINGTON, MASS.

Part II.

BY A. E. HOWARD.

WE will go now through the other rooms, built in later years. At the foot of the ancient stairs we turn to the left, and enter a room used as dining-room and sitting-room by Rev. Jonas Clarke and his large family. He lived here fifty years. In this room many noted people have been received and entertained. Harriet Martineau, the well-known English authoress, was one; a German princess, another, as well as governors, professors, clergymen, and presidents of Harvard College.

An ancient piece of furniture attracts our notice; it is a heavy desk, large and clumsy, that shows the marks of long and hard usage. Probably both Parson Hancock and Parson Clarke used this. Here they may have sat and written the long sermons, which were common in those days, divided into "firstlys" and "secondlys" until they mounted into "tenthly" and even "sixteenthly." Hard days those "Sabbaths" must have been for the children, who always went to church twice, and had to sit through these long discourses, that were written upon subjects and in words far beyond their understanding.

Look at these quaint wooden shutters on the windows, placed there in 1734. Houses in those days were made to last for a generation and more; and the walls of this room have been found to be built of brick, laid in clay, between timbers. Then rough boards were placed over the timbers, and the wall-paper pasted on the boards. Here is something interesting. It is a piece of one of these boards, cut out when it became necessary to do some repairing. By carefully removing four layers of paper that had been pasted on, the original paper, put on in 1734, was found. It does not look much like the wall-paper used now, does it? The pattern bears a strong resemblance to three mourners bending over an ornamental tomb. Little wonder would it be if sometimes the parson's sermons had a doleful sound of fiery judg-

ment if when he was casting about for a "subject" his eyes rested on this wall-paper.

Here hangs a fine oil-painting of Madame Hancock. See what a strong face it is, and in her young days she must have been handsome. This other portrait is Captain Muzzy, a member of Captain Parker's company. This picture hanging here will interest you, because it is Dorothy Quincy, who married Governor Hancock, and who was visiting her aunt when Paul Revere roused them from their slumbers.

Look at this bit of paper, yellow with age. It is a fac-simile of the list of wounded and killed "in the late engagement with his Majesty" at Concord, April 19, 1775. The record is forty-one killed, nineteen wounded, two missing.

"Who could have walked with a cane as long as this?" I hear some one exclaim. That was Caleb Harrington's cane, and he certainly must have been very tall to have handled such a thing. One wonders why he did not use it over the heads of the British when he was killed by them at the church on the green, where he was guarding the town's store of powder.

Now come into the next room, which is across the entry we entered on our arrival. This room has a special interest, because it was here Adams and Hancock were sleeping when Revere's voice was heard outside talking with Parson Clarke and calling for Hancock. It did not take long for both Adams and Hancock to join them and hear Revere's startling message, that the British troops were on the way. As you stand in this room, try to picture to yourselves the two young men awakened so suddenly and warned that they must flee for their lives; for they were unarmed, and their counsel was too valuable to make it advisable for them to rush into danger.

The paper on the wall is interesting, for it is an exact copy of that placed on the wall when the addition to the house was made in 1734. This old chair, standing by the window, belonged to Parson Clarke.

Look at this pistol. It is almost as long again as those made in the present day. With it hang holsters and housings, all once belonging to Governor Dudley, who was called the "founder of Cambridge."

Here is a gun, broken, rusty, hardly more than the semblance of a gun; but it has its history, for it was carried by John Monroe, April 19, 1775. In his patriotic ardor he loaded it with a heavy charge of powder and two balls, and the result was the splitting of six or eight inches from the muzzle.

The desk in this room is noted as being one once used by George Washington.

Now let us go up these stairs to the upper rooms. On the wall above us is some woodwork taken from the old Brattle Street Church in Boston, in the brick tower of which a cannon-ball lodged during the siege of Boston.

Here is a lantern that looks like the "Paul Revere" lanterns of to-day; but this is the genuine article, and was carried, no doubt, by Revere on many a dark night through the streets of Boston.

The first room we enter, after ascending the stairs, is as full of interest as is the one below; for here Dorothy Quincy and her aunt were sleeping when Paul Revere roused the household. Can you not see them leaning over the banister, and listening to the eager, excited conversation? It must have been an anxious time to Dorothy, at least, for she loved young Hancock and was going to marry him some day, and very thankful she must have been when she heard him give his consent to seek a place of safety. For he was one of the leaders of the cause, as you all know, and the British would have liked nothing better than to

capture him and his trunk full of important papers, which he left at Buckman's Tavern.

A powder-horn hangs here on the wall and was used by one of Parker's men at the battle, and this piece of a drum came from one used to sound the "alarm."

To whom did this sword belong, did you say? That was Joshua Simonds', who stood with the muzzle of his loaded gun in a keg of gunpowder, ready to blow it up if interfered with by the British. This cocked hat belonged to Governor Eustis.

One more room we have to see,—Parson Clarke's study, which the children affectionately called "pa's study." Probably this was also used for a bed-chamber, for you remember Parson Clarke had a large family. The things of special interest to see here are the sermons and other writings. Do you not wonder if people's eyesight was stronger in those days when you see this fine writing and the lines so close together? But paper and ink were costly in those days, and sermons were long, so the words must not cover too much space. Had we time, it would be interesting to read one of these discourses, and compare it with those preached nowadays. I think we should find a great change.

There is a Greek lexicon here, printed in 1670, which belonged to John Hancock; and a Bible, printed in 1707. The cases are filled with ancient books, bound in leather, so thick and heavy that the thought of lifting one of them makes one groan; and yet, children, think how precious these books were to the owners. To own a book in those days was something rare, and to be highly prized. It was the "parson" of the little town who had a library. The common folk owned a Bible, and that had to constitute their whole library, except in a few cases, where one had come by some stroke of good luck into the possession of a volume like this one lying here, whose title-page, so yellow with age, tells us it is "A Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven."

Now, readers of the *Every Other Sunday*, have you spent a pleasant day with my friend and myself at the Hancock-Clarke House in Lexington? I hope so. And I hope that some time you will all be able to really visit the beautiful old town; sit, as we did, on the steps of Buckman's Tavern, where Hancock's trunk was rescued by Revere and Lowell; wander through the ancient burying-ground, with its quaint epitaphs; and stroll over the green where the battle was fought, trying to realize, as we did, how it looked in those days gone by.

*No sadder proof can be given by a man of his
own littleness than disbelief in great men.*

CARLYLE.

JUST BEING HAPPY.

Just being happy

Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy

Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy,
And they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
With a heart full of song.

St. Louis Republic.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

BY HARRIET CARLY COX.

GUIDE us, oh, our Heavenly Father
(May this ever be our song);
Guide our thoughts, our hearts, our actions,
Make us true and good and strong.

May we ever find our duty,
Find it with a willing heart;
And by earnest, strong endeavor,
Lessons of Thy love impart.

May we ever feel Thy presence,
Know from Thee comes every good;
May we have, when life is ended,
In Thy name, done all we could.

For Every Other Sunday.

DANDY RUTH.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCH.

LITTLE Ruth Watrous had been very sick with fever, and was just getting well enough to be lifted from her bed to a cushioned chair for a short time each day.

Through the long hours of pain and weakness she had borne her suffering so patiently and uncomplainingly that her parents loved her more than ever,—if that were possible,—and tried in every way to make her comfortable and happy.

Mr. Watrous was delighted one morning to receive a letter from his brother, inviting him to bring his family to Weldon for a long visit, for he thought the change of air would do the little invalid good.

He carried the letter to Ruth's room. "Well, Ruthie," he said, "what do you think of making Uncle Frank and Aunt Fanny a visit? Great fun, eh?" pretending to pinch the child's thin cheek.

Ruth tried to look as if she would enjoy it, and smiled feebly at her father.

"Not strong enough yet?" he went on. "Well, we must hurry up, for Uncle Frank says the spring is coming fast where he lives. The grass is getting green, and the flowers are beginning to blossom. Just think how beautiful it must be! So different from this." He pulled the curtain aside, and showed a barren view of snow, mud, and treeless plain. "Now, pussy, you must get strong as fast as you can, so that you may leave all this behind you, and go where you can feast your eyes on lovely flowers and grass."

It seemed as if the thought of greeting the spring at Uncle Frank's gave the child new life, and she gained strength even more rapidly than her parents had hoped, so that soon they were able to set out on their long journey to the East.

At first Ruth was kept up by the excitement of travel; but soon she wearied of the endless stretches of prairie, field, and woodland, the countless rivers, towns, and cities, which seemed by that strange illusion of motion to pass the car windows like a panorama. After every stop she would ask plaintively, "How many miles is it now to Uncle Frank's?"

Occasionally she would show some interest in the varied scenes; and when her father said, "Here is the great Mississippi!" she raised her head quite eagerly; for she remembered that her teacher had called it the "father of waters," and she wanted to see how it differed from other rivers.

But she was too weak to take more than a short glance at the wide stretch of yellow water, and was glad to fall back among the cushions of travelling-shawls her mother had arranged for her, asking her oft-repeated question, "How many miles is it now to Uncle Frank's?"

The longest journey must end at last, however, and one night our friends arrived at their destination. Scarcely had the train come to a standstill when Uncle Frank entered the car, lifted the tired little girl in his strong arms, and bore her to the carriage he had in waiting.

As they drove up to his door, she heard her Aunt Fanny's voice asking, "Where is my little Ruth?" and weary though she was, she felt very happy when her kind aunt kissed her tenderly and carried her into the house.

Bed seemed the best place for the child, and soon she was sleeping sweetly in the pretty room, where the softest of little white nests had been prepared for her.

In the morning when she opened her eyes, she looked wonderingly around. It took her a few moments to realize that she was in a room that "stood still" instead of plunging through space in a car that rocked from side to side, making a poor sick girl's head quite dizzy. She smiled happily at her mother, and said, "I won't have to ask 'How many more miles to Uncle Frank's' again, will I, mamma?"

When she was dressed, Uncle Frank took her in his arms to the wide bay window, so that she might look out on the lawn and garden.

The sight made her utter a cry of joyful surprise, and she clasped her little thin hands over her breast in a pretty way she had when pleased.

"Oh, Uncle Frank!" she asked, "What are they?"

"What? Those yellow flowers? Why, they are only dandelions, dear. Is it possible," he asked, turning to her mother, "that this child never saw dandelions before?"

"I don't believe she ever did," replied Mrs. Watrous, who also was looking with delight on the countless blossoms which shone amid the grass. "There were none where we lived in Kansas. In truth, there was neither grass, trees, nor flowers around us. You see all these beauties so constantly, Brother Frank, that you are well used to them; but, to eyes starved as ours have been, your garden looks like the heavenly country. I do not wonder that Ruth is touched. I could gaze on the scene forever."

Ruth put her little hand on her mother's in sympathy. "It looks like fairy gold, mamma," she said.

"Well, you shall go out and pick some to put in your purse," promised her uncle, "if you will drink plenty of sweet milk and eat the nice fresh eggs the good hens will lay for you every day."

The soft air and nourishing food caused Ruth to gain strength so rapidly that she was soon allowed to go out among the beautiful yellow blossoms.

"Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the way."

She would not pick any at first, hesitating to despoil the lawn of its decoration; but after a time she permitted herself to gather great bunches, for she knew that the next day there would be just as many to gem the grass as before. It was a pretty sight to see her touch them so daintily and tenderly, and her family loved to watch her among them from the windows.

One evening Cousin Fred came home from the academy for his spring vacation. In the morning, when he strolled into the garden, he found Ruth busy with the dandelions. She had tied up two little bunches, and was going toward the house with them.

"Hallo, kidlet!" he called in big-boy fashion, "what you picking those things for?"

"They are for Uncle Frank's and papa's button-holes," she replied. "Wait a minute, and I will give papa's to you. I can make him another one."

"Poh!" said Fred, pulling out the blossoms she

had tucked into his buttonhole. "I don't want these weeds. Wait till real flowers come."

Ruth looked at him with reproachful eyes. "I think these are real flowers," she said. "They are beautiful to me."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Fred, turning to the house where Aunt Fanny stood in the door. "What do you think, mother! Here is this Kansas kidlet calling dandelions beautiful, and making as much fuss over them as if they were roses."

"Hush, hush!" cautioned his mother, beckoning him inside the house. "Don't hurt the child's feelings. Dear little girl! I think it is pathetic to see her get so much pleasure out of them. Remember that you have had the good fortune to grow up among beautiful flowers, while she has seen so few that she is grateful for even these poor blossoms that you slight. Let her enjoy them just as much as she can. The same God who gives us the roses causes the dandelion to grow for our good. Read what the great poet Lowell says of this weed, and promise me that you will not make fun of your cousin, that's a good boy!"

Fred took his mother's words to heart, going so far as to ask Ruth for a buttonhole bouquet every morning of his stay, and wearing it gallantly until it faded. But he could not refrain from teasing her a little; and when he saw her dancing up and down the garden paths, with a wreath of her yellow favorites on her dark curls, necklace and bracelets of the same flowers, and rows of them stuck in the tops of her shoes,—which her still thin ankles did not fill,—he dubbed her "Dandy Ruth," but so good-naturedly that even her sensitive little heart was not hurt.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHEN spring returns, she brings to light,
All wealth the winter stole away;
And there they are with faces bright,
The lovely flowers of merry May.

VENICE.

VENICE is the most renowned island city in history and poetry. It was once the capital of a great commercial empire, dictating terms even to the Crusaders, who were carried to their destination by the ships of Venice.

The city is built on eighty islands, which are connected by nearly four hundred bridges. Canals serve for streets in Venice, and boats called gondolas for carriages. The bridges are as a rule very steep, rising considerably in the middle, but have easy steps. The circumference of the city is about eight miles. The Venetians joined the Lombard League against the German emperor, and in 1177 gained a great victory, in defence of Pope Alexander III., over the fleet of war-vessels headed by Otto, son of Frederic Barbarossa. In gratitude for this victory, the pope gave the Doge Ziani a ring, and instituted the world-famous ceremony of "Venice marrying the Adriatic Sea." In this ceremony the doge, as the chief ruler of Venice used to be termed, with appropriate rites dropped a ring into the sea every year in recognition of the wealth and trade carried to Venice by the Adriatic.

Venice is great in architecture; and Ruskin could take his stand here, and in his "Stones of Venice," study all forms and styles of buildings that the world has ever seen. In late years it has grown rapidly, since it has been united to the kingdom of Italy, and perhaps now has nearly 200,000 people.



A REHEARSAL FOR THE COMING ENTERTAINMENT.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

On pleasant nights I'm not afraid
To be out after dark delayed.

'Cuz God has hung a lantern high
Up in the frosty western sky.

An' when we see the evenin' star,
We little folks know where we are!

For Every Other Sunday.

WHERE TWO WRENS BUILT
THEIR HOME.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

TWO little wrens, wishing to set up house-keeping, went in search of a place to build their house. They did not intend to buy a place nor to rent one, but any that suited them they thought they had a right to use. In fact, these little birds, like some little people, seemed to believe that they must have what they wanted, no matter how others fared.

A very snug little place the wrens found for their nest. And where do you guess it was? In the spout of a pump! They commenced gathering bits of string and other material to build with; but before they had collected much, some one

came to the pump for water, and the wrens' timber was all washed out of the spout.

How the little creatures scolded! They did not think that any one had a right to disturb them; and soon they began carrying their building material into the pump's spout again.

But it was useless for them to persist; because the people who owned the pump would not give it up to two little birds, and again the wrens' foundation was washed away by water from the pump.

Finally they decided to hunt for another place. Near the pump lay a jug in which some one had some time carried water; and through the neck of this jug the wrens could just nicely pass.

They determined to build their nest in the jug. Accordingly, to work they went, right spryly, carrying into the jug such things as wrens use in house-building.

Then a terrible thing happened! At least, this pair of little birds thought it terrible. A little girl, hurrying along with her apron full of hens' eggs, accidentally hit the jug with her foot; and the jug rolled over, and the half-made nest was upset.

The little builders were so frightened they would not go into the jug again. They flew away a little distance, and chattered very excitedly for a few minutes; then they began searching for another location for their nest.

The little girl who hit the jug had just found a

hen's nest under her papa's barn, and had crawled under and got the eggs, and was hurrying to the house to show them to her mamma. Before going under the barn, she had taken off her sunbonnet, and hung it on a post; and when she came out with the eggs, she forgot about her bonnet, and went to the house bareheaded. Afterward, when she wanted her sunbonnet, she did not remember where she had left it, and she could not find it.

But the wrens found it, and they thought it the best site they had yet found for a nest. So they proceeded to build a nest in the sunbonnet.

Next day, when the little girl went again to the barn to gather hens' eggs, she espied her sunbonnet hanging on the post where she had put it. She also noticed a tiny wren flying into the bonnet. She did not wish to frighten the bird, so she left her bonnet hanging on the post.

Several weeks it hung there; and in it the wrens built their nest, undisturbed. In the nest some tiny eggs were laid; and from these, after a time, were hatched a nest full of baby wrens,—the only birds, maybe, that were ever reared in a sunbonnet.

BIND together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and you know not how much you may accomplish.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

For Every Other Sunday.

PANSIES.

BY EMILY F. CARLETON.

PANSIES gold are for golden thoughts,
Life's sunshine, glad and bright,
That pours from a heaven of joy and cheer,
And fills the world with light.

Pansies white are for thoughts of peace,
To comfort the pure and the true;
Angels of light, they rise from the earth,
And make it more fair to view.

Pansies purple are beautiful clouds,
Whose mystery fain would draw
Our thoughts to hide in their deepening folds,
And fill them with wonder and awe.

Pansies dark as the depths of night,
Or varied with azure and gold,
Pencilled or mottled, dull or bright,
Tender and shy or bold,—

Lift your faces serene and fair,
Beckon with smile and nod,
Till our thoughts move on in the realm of truth,
To find the knowledge of God.

For Every Other Sunday.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

No. VI. *Seen and Heard in Europe Series.*

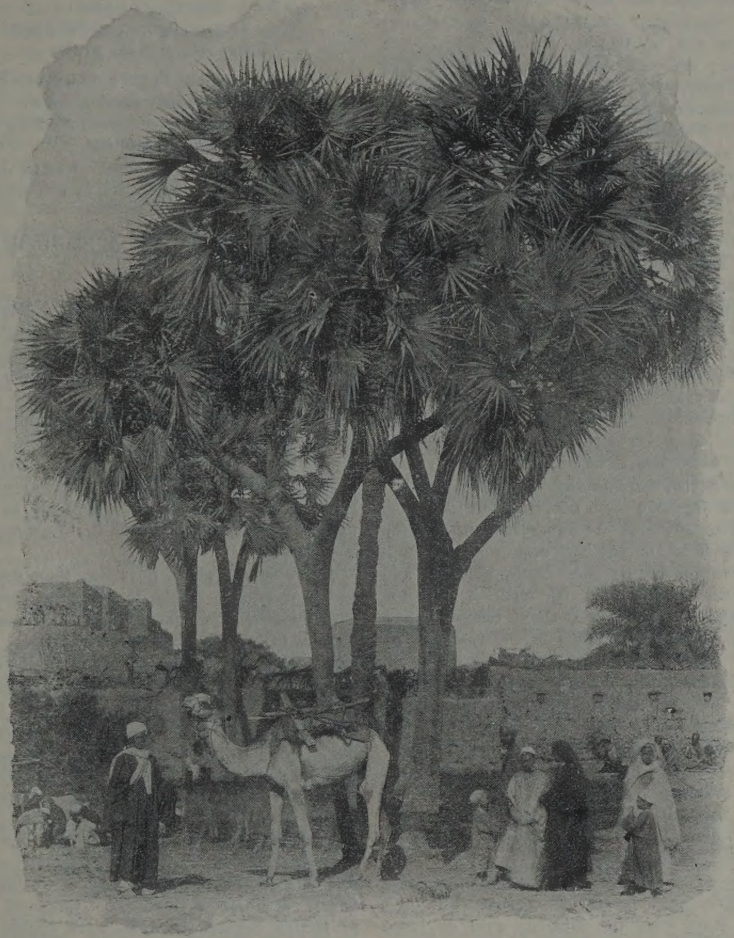
BY JENNIE VICKERY.

GO where you will sight-seeing in that giant metropolis, London, you will not find a prettier spot, a more animated or a more picturesque scene, than is Covent Garden Market, on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the special market days. This famous market is situated in a large square, which, says Hare, in his delightful "Walks in London," "as early as 1222, under the name of Frère Pye Garden, was the Convent Garden of Westminster, and which through all the changes of time and place has ever remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence, so that, though they are no longer growing (but now sold there), it has never lost its old name of 'garden.'" And W. S. Landor says regarding it: "The garden, formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for a lady abbess and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a vicious metropolis."

Covent Garden Market is the property of the Duke of Bedford, whose ancestors received the seven acres of land the market covers from the Crown in 1552, land, then, of the yearly value of £6 6s. 8d. English money. In 1831 the Duke of Bedford erected the present market buildings, which have lately been greatly improved. They consist of a long central arcade, flanked by open spaces with glass roofs, the whole surrounded with colonnades.

Fruits, vegetables, foliage, and flowers only are sold, and they, it is asserted, in larger quantities than in any other market in the world. While neighboring countries, France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, etc., as well as America and many near and far-off isles of the sea, help to stock and replenish this market, the greater part of these productions are grown upon about 80,000 acres of land lying near London, and very largely, too, by forced gardening in hothouses under glass.

It is authoritatively stated that more than 60,000,000 cabbages, 5,000,000 cauliflowers, 2,250,000 quarts of strawberries, 2,250,000 heads of lettuce, 600,000 bushels of shelled peas, 650,000 bushels of onions, and other vegetables in like proportion are yearly sold in this one market.



STREET SCENE IN UPPER EGYPT.

At midnight the heavily loaded carts of produce from the country begin to arrive. Then, soon, a hurly-burly begins. No shouting or hallooing is allowed, yet the steadily increasing hum of the gathering crowd gradually grows into a subdued roar, which, if not entirely deafening, is at least stunning at first to unaccustomed ears, like those of our party.

Once the rising sun begins flinging his saffron light through the misty atmosphere, a wonder sight greets and delights the beholders' eyes. Every street leading to the market, from Long Acre, Drury Lane, and the historic Strand, which by regulation is entirely given up to this traffic till nine o'clock in the morning, is jammed and packed with four, five, and six lines of vehicles, some ingoing, some outgoing, either loading or unloading.

Conspicuous among this conglomerate mass of carts, barrows, wagons, stacks of vegetables, veritable little mountains, piles of fruits, masses of flowers, and wriggling, squirming humanity were the donkeys hitched to little carts,—donkeys with enough ears, as one American wrote home, to have stretched in a straight line clear across London, had these ears been fitly joined or sewed together.

While produce is here sold to some extent, at wholesale prices, to private customers, this market is mostly patronized by green-grocers, costermongers, and small dealers whose little

carts are everywhere in evidence. Once filled, these same little carts are driven off at breakneck speed on the paraphrased principle, probably, that the early dealer catches the customer.

As Hare says, it were difficult to say whether the porch devoted to flowers or the avenue given up to fruit is the more radiant in freshness and color, or which, let us add, diffused throughout that murky, circumambient air, the more dainty odors, all alike redolent of Araby, the blest.

Small wonder is it that London artists speed hither to study the effects of colors given by the piles of fruit. Turner's celebrated painting, "The Wreck of the Orange Vessel," in which oranges are pictured tossing and reeling upon the waves, is said to have been inspired by his early love for oranges, which he so well knew in his boyish home near Covent Garden Market.

It is often stated that America is the country above all others for the greatest variety and the finest flavor of its fruits. As to flavor, this is certainly true, and London dealers frankly admit that the American apples, grown in lake counties in Western New York, excel all others in keeping qualities. Yet the lusciousness and variety of fruit displayed in the market was simply astonishing, and there was enough seemingly to supply a whole nation.

Here were scores of varieties of grapes, the finest being English grapes, grown under glass; second to these were Channel Islanders; and then

grapes from Spain and Portugal, that were exported packed in sawdust. There were oranges galore, the sweet and juicy West Indians; thick-skinned, oval-shaped Jaffas; a few Australians; Tangerines and Mandarins, from Sicily, Spain, and Malta; and our own Florida oranges, and "blood" oranges from Malta. Here were peaches of enormous size, fair to the sight but insipid to the taste. The downy, freckled apricots were luscious, as were big greengages, Orleans plums, glossy nectarines, and swans' eggs plums.

There were California pears, pears from Southern France, and the Channel Islands. Apples, home grown and imported, in superabundance, melons, mulberries, pineapples, and bananas from Madeira.

In their special porches, presenting a most gorgeous array of colors and diffusing a delicious fragrance, are cut flowers, ornamental plants, and flowers blooming in jars. Flowers in such overwhelming abundance one wonders if, even in this most populous city in the world, a sale can be made of them. Yet the flower market is said to be the very first to be wholly sold out. Here were flowers that were to visit the palace and the garret, the mansion and the hospital. For the ever-growing love for flowers spreads from the extreme west to the furthest east in the Metropolis; and in Piccadilly, the abode of rank and fashion, the increase in the trade is no less astonishing than it is in Bethnal Green, where dwell the poorer inhabitants of the east end of London.

The flowers were densely massed together, forming for the nonce a carpet whose richly intermingling colors no hand-worked loom can ever produce or artist's pencil adequately copy. It being fall, fall flowers were, of course, the most in evidence. Asters of all colors and of luxuriant growth were the most plentiful and striking,—China and German asters, with their handsome compound flowers.

There were bunches of heath with its tiny evergreen leaves and beautiful clusters of pink flowers. Here were the hibiscus with its large showy blossoms; conspicuous dahlias of every color and shade of color; the golden-yellow marigolds; fuchsias, graceful, dainty, and splendid; lobelias, or cardinal flowers, of a deep, vivid red; roses, our best-beloved flower, in abundance, and without which our floral world would be minus half its beauty and sweetness. Pinks and carnations, too, abounded, with many other blossoms with names known and unknown to us, that, taken with the rest, charmed the eye and intoxicated the senses, and, combined with the richly colored fruit, made of that motley crowd and strange and dinfal place a never-to-be-forgotten picture, like all things of beauty, a joy forever.

By nine o'clock the hurly-burly is done. The streets leading to the market are swept and garnished. No one lingers here excepting a few stall-men counting their day's gains, a few dealers not quite sold out, and costers buying fruit remnants at less than half-price. Soon they, too, are gone, and silence settles again over Covent Garden Market.

School-houses are the republican line of fortifications.

HORACE MANN.

A MAN'S money has no real, vital relation to him; it can be won or lost in a day, alienated or bequeathed at will. A man's character is a far truer possession even on earth, and is the only possession which accompanies him into eternity. Therefore, the man who impoverishes his character to add to his fortune is not only evil, but fatally foolish into the bargain.

BUTTERCUPS.

THE buttercups with shining face
Smile brightly as I pass:
They seem to lighten all the place
Like sunshine in the grass.

And though not glad nor gay was I
When first they came in view,
I find when I have passed them by
That I am smiling, too.

SARAH J. DAY.

For Every Other Sunday.

A TRUE STORY OF A ROBIN'S NEST.

BY R.

ONE cold morning, the last of March, with the rain falling steadily, I stood looking from my upper window at a robin's nest, which I had many times observed during the winter snugly ensconced in a crotch of a tall maple in the yard. As Longfellow's oft-quoted line, "There are no birds in last year's nest," passed through my mind, I saw a very wet and forlorn-looking robin fly into the tree and go at once to the nest. Examining it curiously for a moment, to my surprise she settled down into it, apparently quite comfortable.

She remained about an hour, then flew away; and I wondered if she would ever return, and watched closely the next day, but no robin appeared. The day following, I looked several times. At last, to my delight, she was in the nest. As it was bright and sunny, she appeared to be doing a little in the house-cleaning line, turning around in the nest, and pecking here and there. She remained some time, and after that day came regularly, and finally settled down, only leaving occasionally for food. No bird ever visited the tree. When I drew up the shade, and said "Good morning" to her, she seemed to know me, and turned her head so that her bright little eyes looked directly at me. I was very anxious for her safety, as the tree was as devoid of foliage as in winter. Her head and tail, projecting beyond the nest, were visible at some distance, and boys and cats were often in the yard. However, no one noticed her, apparently. I stayed much at home on her account, and greatly enjoyed watching her. After a while she left the nest oftener, but for only a short time, and ere long I saw little heads reaching out on her return; and very busy mother robin was obliged to be, with no one to assist her.

Then came several cold days, with heavy rain and wind, when she did not leave as often; and whenever she did, on her return no little heads appeared and she would look into the nest some time before getting in, and I feared the young birds had succumbed to the cold and want of food, as was probably the case. She remained all day, but the next she was absent over an hour, while I anxiously watched for her return. She came accompanied by two robins, the brightness of whose breasts denoted males. They immediately visited the nest with her, and one hopped into it, remaining but a moment, and, standing around it, appeared to be mourning with the mother, and remained about an hour. She then came to the branch nearest my window; and when I asked her if she had lost her children, she gave a mournful cry and remained all the afternoon on the limb, which I had never seen her on before, and when not crying had her head under her wing as if weary. At dusk she flew away, and I felt lonely with no robin to watch. I looked out many times, but never a bird appeared. A week or more had passed when to my joy three robins flew into the tree, going at once to the nest. The female hopped into it, and one male bird drove the other away.

I cannot assert it was the same robin, but the nest seemed home to her; and when I spoke to her, she appeared to know me. She threw bits from the nest which proved to be pieces of shells. I could not have the pleasure of watching her as formerly, for the tree had donned its lovely spring dress, but I could perceive the bright breast of Mr. Robin shining through the green leaves; and very devoted he was, in the nest, or on the edge, for the mother to have a little exercise and pleasure.

In due season the little ones appeared, and the pair were constantly at work to fill their insatiable little throats, as I could plainly see when the wind blew the airy branches to and fro, disclosing them. I had glimpses of them taking lessons in hopping about and efforts at flight. As I sat in the summer-house, they flew back and forth, and sorry was I when the family departed from the maple-tree.

For Every Other Sunday.

JIMMY'S COUNTRY WEEK.

BY AMY V. BEAL.

"JAMES BROWN, one week at Farmer Smith's, Canaan, N.H. Apply at the office for full instructions." That was the notice Jimmy got from the "Country Week" one hot day in July; and how he and his friend Dick did shout!

"Say, ain't dat grand!" cried Dick.

"It's great, but I wish you was goin'," answered Jimmy. "You needs it lots worse 'n I do. I ain't lame like you, 'n I don't haveter stay home all day. Besides, I've been in de country."

"Aw!" retorted Dick. "Wot good would it do er feller like me? I couldn't run 'round 'n pick strawberries 'n things. Why, I couldn't reach de trees!"

"Strawberries don't grow on trees. Its cherries. But I wish you was goin'! I'll be awful lonesome widout yer, Dick. An' how'll yer ever manage all alone? Ain't none er the fellers 'round now. Oh, I can't go!"

"Aw," said Dick, "I'll get along. Widder Malony won't let me starve, 'n I'll pay her by carin' fer de baby when she goes out. Just you go 'round ter de office 'n get yer d'rections, 'n then yer go 'n have a great old time. My, won't it be fun ter hear all about it when yer gets back!"

Jimmy came home with full directions, his railroad ticket, and a letter to Farmer Smith from the manager of the "Country Week," and gathered together his scanty belongings. These were packed in the remains of a dress-suit case, a cherished possession.

"Guess I won't strap it up till mornin'," said Jimmy. "Train don't go till ten, so I'll have lots er time. Say, Dickey, come, down 'n see er feller off, won't yer?"

"Aw, I can't," said Dick. "How'd I get home again, alone? I'd like ter, but yer see how 'tis. I'll send flowers!"

"Say, come ahead," said Jimmy, determinedly. "I'll get Jack ter go down 'n bring yer back."

"All right, dat'll be fine," answered Dick.

Next morning Jimmy was up early to sell all his papers before making the final preparations for his journey.

"Wot did yer take de papies fer de last day?" asked Dick. "Yer might er dropped 'em fer de full week well as not."

In an hour Jimmy returned with one paper.

"Warn't it jolly I had one left?" he said. "I'll leave it fer you, Dicky. Consolation prize, yer know. Say, Widder Malony wants you. Here's yer crutch, so scratch along."

Dick "scratched," and in the short time he was gone Jimmy flew about silently repacking his ghostly dress-suit case with ragged garments not

his own. Then he scrawled a note on a piece of brown paper, and had just tucked it in his pocket when Dick came into the room.

"Wot did de widder want?" he asked carelessly.

"She give me an invite ter dine wid her," said Dick, "'n' told me ter bring Jack back wid me. Sure she's a jewel."

"Are yer all ready?" asked Jimmy. "Leet's hurry, the station ain't so near!"

"All aboard," answered Dick. "Where's Jack?"

"Aw, he'll meet us at de train," said Jimmy. "Come along."

They reached the station in plenty of time for the train; and as Jack didn't seem to be anywhere about, Jimmy took Dick into the car.

"Yer never travelled in er car, did yer?" asked Jimmy.

"Nope."

"Well, it's easy," answered Jimmy. "Yer just leave everything ter de conductor, 'n' when yer show him yer ticket yer ask him ter please tell yer when ter get off. I knows all about it. I've travelled!"

"It must be awful nice," sighed Dick, sinking back against the red plush seat with a sense of luxury. "Do yer have ter go far?"

"Well, it'll take three er four hours. It's kind er tiresome," he added grandly.

"It wouldn't tire me," answered Dick. "Ain't the seat soft? Wot's dat bell? Hadn't I oughter got off?"

"Now you sit still. Here, take the suit-case while I speaks ter de conductor a minit."

As Jimmy disappeared through the door, the train began to move slowly, and Dick started up to follow, when a hand came through the open window beside him and grabbed his arm.

"Sit still, Dick," said Jimmy. Then, thrusting a note into the astonished boy's hand, he gave it a shake. "That'll explain," he said. "Good-by, me boy. Don't forget to have a good time."

It was some moments after the train pulled out before Dick opened the note. A railroad ticket and the letter to Farmer Smith fell out, and then Dick read:

"Dere Dick,—Yore nam is James Brown, & yere goin too Mr Smiths fore a weak. Get wel & stronge. I'l meat yew wen yew kum home. The close is yurs.

"Yurs,
"JIMMY."

For Every Other Sunday.

SPRING.

BY ELIZABETH ALLEN.

AT the end of winter there is a season in which we are daily expecting spring, and at last, as it were, suddenly in one day we realize that it has come.

Thoreau compares the sense of change in the air to the thawing of ice. There is a sense of awakening in the air, partly in us. A restlessness, the "dear unrest" of the springtime, that feeling that Elizabeth Akers had when she says, "Help us across these homesick days into the joy of June."

In the city signs of the new season are the increased chatter of the sparrow, squads of boys boisterously playing marbles, girls trying to see who can jump rope the greatest number of times without stopping, and the faintly greening buds of the trees.

Though "the spring comes slowly up this way" to us in the country, it has really begun before we know it. Strange that animals and the tiniest insects and plants feel that vague, subtle change so soon. The woodchuck comes out of his

winter hole, lean and hungry after his long sleep and fasting; the partridge sheds her snow-shoes; and even before the snow has gone, the air swarms with tiny flies, as the early pewee knows. The very fowls of the barnyard seem to crow more lustily and cackle with a more joyous tone.

The brook throws off its icy fetters, the sap begins to flow in the trees,—always first from the south side,—the squirrels overflow with spirits, and, following the walker's progress, make much ado, flourishing their tails, barking, scolding themselves into a pretended fury. I suspect they are really glad to see some one without a gun, and do it more from sociability than in fright. Even if they do rob birds' nests sometimes, they plant many of our trees for us, and when a wood of hard-wood trees is cut, it is generally replaced by pine from the seeds they bury and forget. It seems they bury nuts and seeds from pine cones at just the right depth and do not always dig these up, as they may be killed or overlook the place. So a little seedling comes up, and when trees are cut this gives the little ones a chance to grow.

Of course most of us have seen the pet squirrels in the parks, when nuts are given them, dig a hole and bury the nut, covering it and pushing it down with the fore feet. Often it is not to be found, even if one is watching very closely; but the squirrel can find it even under deep snow, probably from sense of smell rather than of locality.

The shoots of red osier willows and cornel take on brighter hues, the catkins grow larger on the willows, alders, and poplars, and the crimson stars appear on the hazel-nut bushes.

One cheery little chickadee, who has been with us all winter, utters his "phoebe" note more often; and his neighbor, the nuthatch, or devil-down-head, clambers up and down the tree-trunks in search of insects in the bark or nuts. Its names are from its habit of cracking a nut by wedging it in a crevice and pounding on it, and from its hanging head down. The hawk follows the course of the brook, seeking his dinner, and the crow holds noisy "caucuses" while planning the location of his house. The purple finch warbles in the orchard, where he is eating the new buds of the apple-trees. The flicker's "wick-a-wick" insistently smites on the ear from the oak-top, seeming to fill and people all the wood.

By the pools of water standing at the edge of the woods blossoms the very earliest of the flowers, as early as March, as the bees could tell you,—but who tells them? It is not the yellow violet of Bryant's poem, nor the sweet arbutus, nor the airy anemone, nor even the dainty hepatica that comes first, but the unpoetic, seldom-mentioned skunk's cabbage! The purple-mottled hoods cover the collection of minute flowers, as in the calla or Jack-in-the-pulpit. The disagreeable odor attracts flies, that carry pollen from one flower to another. The huge leaves come later.

The hepatica is not far behind, and with it the marsh marigold of the brook. In the woods, flattened by the weight of snow just removed, are many left-over leaves of last year, besides those really evergreen. Dappled tiarella leaves, shaped like elongated maple leaves, three-lobed purplish hepatica leaves, arbutus, running blackberry leaves, dull green, glossy leaves of gold-thread and pipsissewa, leathery, round pyrola leaves, soft dalibarda (false violet) leaves, and the little creeping partridge-berry, bear-berry, and twin-flower. One can see in his mind's eye just how the wood looked last summer by supplying the blossoms.

It is a pleasure in early spring to stroll through the woods and pastures, eagerly renewing acquaintance, taking one's bearings, as it were. What a wealth of life and growth is crowded into one short, New England summer!

For Every Other Sunday.

A DAY WITH NATURE.

BY JOSEPHINE V. T. BRUORTON.

THE way is long and shady and still,
Through copse and dell, by hollow and hill.
Great rocks rise gloomy and gray and bare,
Tall pines sigh soft in the sweet spring air,
The brooklet babbles of windings free,
A cat-bird calls from a far, tall tree,
A soft, shy whisper, a hum, a stir,
A flutter of wings, a partridge's whir,—
All tell of the wood-folk nesting low
Where the slender fern-fronds quiver so.
The brown path winds around the rocky hill,
Past the pool in the hollow, black and still,
Past the lush green swamp where the dog-wood
grows,
Where the cowslip buds, where the wind-flower
blows.

Then it steeply climbs (till your breath comes quick)

Past the shady woods, where the fern grows thick,
Up, up, till the sun shines through the trees,
And you feel the breath of the upland breeze.
Then you push the screening branches away,
And there, 'neath the life-giving sun of May,
Where its rays shine brightly and broadly down,
The violets lie in a purple crown.

Your tired eyes feast on their dainty bloom:
You draw long breaths of their faint perfume;
And there thrills through your worn heart, looking down

On the lonely hill with its purple crown,
A thought of life's strivings, hardly won,
And the promised crown for a work well done.

ROBIN.

ROBIN! You and I were lovers when yet
my years were few. We roamed the
fields and hills together. We explored
the brook that ran up into the great dark woods,
and away over the edge of the world. We knew
the old squirrel who lived in the maple-tree. We
heard the first frog peep. We knew the minnows
that lay under the mossy log. We knew how the
cowslips bloomed in the lushy swale. We heard
the first soft roll of thunder in the liquid April
sky.

Robin! The fields are yonder! You are my
better self. I care not for the birds of paradise;
for whether here or there, I shall listen for your
carol in the apple-tree.

PROF. L. H. BAILEY (*Cornell University*).

*Many men's thoughts are not acorns, but merely
pebbles.*
CHARLES BUXTON.

For Every Other Sunday.

AMBER.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

AMBER is used mostly for necklaces and mouth-pieces of pipes. It was regarded by the ancient Greeks and Romans with superstition and mystery. These beautiful tear-drops were shed by the sisters of Phæton, and petrified as they fell into the sea. Amber is now understood to be fossilized vegetable gum. The trees from which it came stood in forests of the past. The forest gradually sinking let the water rush in and harden the flowing liquid. The remains of insects are sometimes found in lumps of amber, showing that when it was a sticky fluid they got stuck in it, and could not free themselves. Amber when rubbed becomes negatively electrical.

It is washed ashore in considerable quantities near the village of Stürmen. Not only is it found in the sands on the shore, but also in the interior more or less deep beneath the surface of the earth. Amber was first accidentally discovered in this locality when ploughing the soil in the year 1559.

MARGARET BADGER.

FLOWER CLOCKS.

YOU have heard how fond some flowers are of the sunlight. There are others that do not like it at all.

The dandelion always draws up its little petals to hide its bright face from the glare of the sun. Some are very brave when it first begins to shine in the morning, but give out before noon.

The pretty morning-glory and four-o'clock can hardly stand it at all, and shut up very tight. If it is cloudy, they keep their sweet cups open longer.

The small flower of the convolvulus and the lettuce both open at seven in the morning and close before ten.

Many of these queer flowers are as good as clocks to tell the time of day. Long before they were invented, the people used flowers instead.

B. HALL.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

WHAT particular study is specially helpful to all, young and old? English Literature.

A knowledge of English Literature, meaning by that American also, is a liberal education in itself. For that reason the Editor has valued the "Home Study Club" department in *Every Other Sunday*, and watched its course with interest.

The lady having the questions and answers in charge has prepared the material with excellent judgment. It has called for search, wide-reading, care. It has stirred interest in leading authors and encouraged a taste for the best books.

All of which reminds the Editor to say that young people are in danger of passing by the best in books, and resting satisfied with newspapers, novels, and magazines. Are not these of some value? Decidedly! But when cheap, transient novels, mixed, slangy papers, and light magazines fill all or most of the reading moments, what can you expect? A thin, vacant mind or a mind full of rubbish.

There is more need of care in what we read than ever before. Because there is so much to read. Because there are "fads" and whims about this matter. Because we are left to choose as we will. Some years ago everything was stricter, and books were fewer, for young people. Now the printing-press is at work day and night.

The Editor begs his young friends to establish strong habits of reading the best prose and poetry. It is not hard after the taste has been cultivated. This love of the best in literature will prove a blessing in after years. Good books are staunch friends. From those we make familiar proceed refinement, mental power, vision, inspiration, courage.

The following persons have sent in answers to "Home Study Club" since March 2: Mrs. J. F. Hawley, Mrs. A. G. Havey, Mrs. Ernest C. Rice, Mrs. L. D. Allen, Mrs. Flora F. Abbott, Miss Genevieve F. Cole, Mrs. Flora W. Coombs, Mr. Guy G. Barker (2), Mrs. Fanny S. Curtis (2), Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Mrs. E. A. Burnette, Miss Mabel J. Spalter, Mr. Russell Stratton.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

This will be a regular department in *Every Other Sunday* for the present. The questions will range over literature, history, and other sources. The young people are earnestly urged to search out the required answers, which should be sent to the Editor of *Every Other Sunday*. Acknowledgments will be made, and possibly prizes will be given to the three who send in the most satisfactory replies.

Questions.

1. "There for my lady's bow
Built I the lofty tower

Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward."

Who is the author? Where is the tower?

2. "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me, back my heart."

Who was the "Maid of Athens," and who wrote the poem?

3. What American poem likens the snow on a roof to Carrara marble?

4. Where is Fleet Street? What man of letters made it his favorite promenade for years?

5. Where is Melrose Abbey? Who said of it:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight?"

6. "Here's a happy New Year; but with reason
I beg you'll permit me to say,
Wish me many returns of the season,
But as few as you please of the day."

To what day does Lord Byron refer in these lines?

7. What noted American writer and traveller married a German lady (second wife), whose translations made his works known to her countrymen?

8. To whom did Goldsmith dedicate his "Deserted Village"?

9. What famous artist, the son of a tailor, was the subject of a popular poem by Robert Browning?

10. To whom does Stedman refer as "the dean among our [American] writers of poems for occasions"?

Answers will appear June 8, 1902.

Answers

To Questions Published April 13, 1902.

1. The Champs Elysées is in Paris. Was laid out by Marie de Médicis in 1616.
2. John Gay was born in Barnstable, England, in 1685. His best work was "The Beggar's Opera." He wrote his own epitaph, which is:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

3. Lorenzo Ghiberti. Michael Angelo declared them "worthy to be the gates of paradise."
4. Tales of a Wayside Inn. Ole Bull.
5. Taddeo Gaddi. Longfellow.
6. Tennyson. Locksley Hall.
7. Leonardo da Vinci. Milan.
8. Portland, Me. Longfellow's birthplace.
9. Agassiz.
10. Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga. "Tiger Lilies."

LETTER-BOX.

MARIETTA, GA.

Dear Editor,—My sister subscribed for the *Every Other Sunday* for my little sister and myself. I read all of the stories in the paper, and like it very much. My name is Webster L. Porter. I am ten years old. My little sister's name is Ruth. I go to the Congregational Sunday-School. The pastor is Rev. S. A. Paris. My brother is superintendent. My little sister goes to Sunday-School also.

I will write you a piece about my dog and cat, which I hope you will print in your paper also. My cat's name is Velvet and the dog's name is McKinley. When the dog goes to sleep, the cat gets right upon his back and goes to sleep, too. She gets between his paws, and he hugs her up around his neck. They are very kind to each other and eat together.

There's no more news to write. I think I shall continue to take your paper.

Yours truly,

WEBSTER L. PORTER.

ENIGMA XXV.

I AM composed of ten letters.

My 1, 8, 9, 4, is a short weapon thrown by the hand.

My 4, 2, 7, 10, is an adjective meaning small.

My 3, 8, 4, is a small domestic quadruped.

My 5, 9, 6, 7, is a metal.
My whole is a vocabulary.

C. C. BRIGHAM.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I AM composed of ten letters.

My 3, 5, 10, is a boy's name.

My 10, 5, 7, is found in early morning.

My 3, 5, 8, 9, is not far.

My 6, 2, 4, is what a dog has to do when he buries his bone.

My 7, 2, 3, 1, is what a flirt does.

My whole is an English sovereign.

ADELLA M. H.

A TREE PUZZLE.

(Name the trees described below)

The sweetest tree of all.
Tree left after a fire.
The tree that is two.
Historian's tree.
Dancing tree.
Tree that grows by the sea.
Natural healer tree.
Negro tree.
Tree for winter wear.
Mourner's tree.
Carpenter's tree.
Dandy tree.
Tree that is an insect.
Part of a glove.
Tree that fastens your clothing.
Barking tree.
Name of an author.
Tree that might preach.
Well-seasoned tree.
The bewitching tree.
Tree that don't pay its bills.
Stone tree.
Ball-player.
House-cleaner.
Foreign tree.
The tree that is nice to kiss.

Selected.

CONUNDRUM XXV.

DR. WEIR MITCHELL'S CONUNDRUM.

A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach.
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XVI.

ENIGMA XXIII.—Ivanhoe.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Count Leo Tolstol.

WORD PUZZLE.—Rabbit.

CONUNDRUM XXIII.—Hops.

CONUNDRUM XXIV.—Because the cars run over sleepers.

Correct answers to puzzles in No. 16 have been received from Henry A. Jenks and Samuel Miles Knox.

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(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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